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I saw, I loved, was ruined and undone,
Wrecked for a while my virtue lost deplored,
In secret pined, unpitied and alone,
Nor ever sought the God I once adored.
Oh! Altamont thou blest of heaven farewell,
Ere this arives Maria is no more,
And while you listen to my passing knell,
I tread the gloomy and eternal shore.

REFLECTION.

PERDITION spreads her pleasing wiles
To draw the unsuspecting nymph astray,
Awhile she seems to tread enchanted ground,
But wanders far from virtue's narrow way.
The fond alluring dream at last is o'er,
A sea of black destruction opens wide,
A while beholds her trembling on the shore,
Then rising whelms her in its rapid tide.

APOSTROPHE,

OF THE SHADE OF BRIAN BOROMHU, TO HIS HARP.

Deposited in the Museum of Trinity College, Dublin.

A SOUND as of arms, to the high hall advancing,
Seem'd join'd with bold musick, as nearer it drew,
Illuming the long aisles, what quick flashes glancing
Through every casement, successively flew!
When lo! crown'd with shamrock, the wreath of true glory;
A sword in his belt, with its golden hilt gory;
While spread on a green robe his blest locks so hoary,
Approach'd the august shade of king BOROMHU.

"What changes have been," he exclaim'd soon discerning,
The mouldering HARP, he moved forward to view,
"Since I to my palace, from vict'ry returning,
Wak'd national airs as I strung thee anew,
Then ERIN was mighty, kept free by her king,
Her worth from all shores, saints and sages did bring,
My hundred bright bards, making youth scorn death's sting,
Renown'd the slain heroes who serv'd BOROMHU.

"But ERIN declin'd, and like nations unnumber'd,
Submitted to sloth, and to slavery too;
How rudely neglected for ages you slumber'd,
What barbarous ages were seen to ensue,
Base Ignorance courted his own degradation,
Dependence ensued, and the bards lost their station,
The GENIUS of ERIN gave up his laps'd nation,
And wept at the tomb of her friend BOROMHU.

"Oh! worth nought avail'd 'em, how oft the false tourist,
(His hosts ERIN's rich sons, his safe-guards her poorest)
Call'd men the most savage, and maids the impurest,
Whose lives were in heav'n prais'd to bless'd BOROMHU.

"I implor'd ERIN's GOD, and he said—
"Patriot spirit,
Go, influence thy people true taste to pursue;
Force scorn to be just, and grant wrong'd Irish merit,
Reward still when won—nor will claimants be few,
Hence, minstrels long silenc'd by prejudiced slander,
In primitive pomp shall my fav'rite isle wander;"
Then to ERIN GO BRAH, that in sweet, solemn grandeur,
Awoke on his wild harp, marched off BOROMHU.

O.

Ballycarry.

EPITAPH,

ON MISS NEWTON.*

CAN Silent Woe of sharpest kind
Extort from apathy a Tear?
Can pity touch the unfeeling mind?—
Oh! then approach! But mark what's here!
Wild grief and mis'ry meet thy eye!—
Sad, comfortless, absorbed in thought,
A widow sits—a tomb hard by—
Her soul with bitter sorrow fraught.

Now catch the interrupted sighs—
The sounds that faulter on her tongue,

*The verses in the last number entitled "Kitty lovely blue eyed maid," were written some years previously for the same lady whose death is here lamented, what her personal charms and amiable character were, are obvious from these two tributes of the regard of the author, (who seems to have been duly sensible of both) without inserting his note; which if placed where he intended it would have much diminished the effect of his former very pretty composition. That the tomb and the ball-room should never appear together, a moment's reflection will convince his good taste.

My darling little ones, she cries,
Will pine in want—for, Kitty's gone!
She's gone! oh, Heavens! who? Kitty gone!
That softest, sweetest, gentlest form,
Lifeless extended, cold and wan,
Whom Nature grac'd with every charm.
Yes! in the dark, unconscious tomb,
The last abode to man assigned;
Where silence reigns and awful gloom!
The Blue-eyed Virgin's form you'll find

T. W. É.

SELECT POETRY.

STANZAS

TO THE MEMORY OF *ROBERT BOURNE** ESQ. BY DAVID CAREY, ESQ. AUTHOR OF "THE PLEASURES OF NATURE," &c.

He possessed a mind richly imbued with sound learning and Christian principles, joined to great and active benevolence, which could only be exceeded by that of his estimable friend, Dr. Robert Anderson, of Edinburgh, author of the "Lives of the British Poets," in whose house he had resided for some time, and who accompanied him on his visit to Ireland.

WHEN the Warrior expires on his path of renown
The tears of a Nation embalm his repose,
Though Mercy ne'er hallowed and Pity disown
The breast that ne'er felt her compassionate throes.

But when Worth, modest Worth, like a star beam that fell,
Is withdrawn to his own empyrean of light,
How few, ah, how few! round his cold earthly cell
Heave the deep sigh of sorrow, and weep for his flight!

Yet bosoms there are, O! the dearest, the best,
(And may heaven on their path shed its loveliest beam)
Who soothe the lone wanderer's pulses to rest,
And weep with a dear and a lasting esteem.

And such o'er thy doom, lov'd unfortunate BOURNE!
On sad sister shores, breathe the sigh of regret;
For thy virtues the Good and the Virtuous mourn,
Ah! memorials sweet! they shall never forget.

As some bark that has gleam'd, as she travers'd the deep,
The gems of the Orient, the pride of the wave,
Hails, joyfully hails, lovely Albion's green steep,—
When loud roars the tempest, and deep yawns the grave;

So gaily we saw thee on Life's summer sea,
The regions of Science and Fancy explore,
Then seek each fond scene dear to friendship and thee,
And breathe thy last sigh on thy lov'd native shore.

When the blooms of thy mind, like the spring, met the eye,
How bright was the prospect that fancy pourtray'd!—
Now faded, ah! faded for ever, they lie
Where the green turf of Erin now covers thy head!

And Friendship his fond ineffectual care
Bewails, as he lingers and sighs to depart;
And Piety weeps, 'mid her holiest prayer,
For a child that was lovely and dear to her heart.

'Tis thus as we journey Life's dark valley through,
Bright sun beams of hope oft illumine the road;—
How brightly, alas! but how transient too!
For love, hope, and joy, find one gulphing abode.

But pass undismay'd, O ye righteous! the bound;
Though dim, mark the vista that opens afar!
On the ruins of Time, o'er the darkness profound,
Salvation has lighted her bright morning star;

And the Cherubim train their glad welcome extending,
Heaven's triumph recording, her loud organ blow,
For a soul from the confines of darkness ascending,
That has trod the lone blood-press of Death and of Wo!

*Fourth Son of the Rev. Richard Bourne, of Dublin, who died at Kildress, in the county of Tyrone, on the 8th of June, 1809, in the 24th year of his age.